The Cavalcade

feelin' grody
plug hit my line with peyote
say no more, can't afford to
whisper unholy nothings, I implore you
forced to be sedated
nodding off, time traded
climb a tree and lose it once and for all
next climbing fences and walls,
pretend to expect a living
defensive in a building with offices
building hidden agendas
building responses
the ceiling is filling my eyes
fortunately unforgiving
unfortunately despised
unbecoming and unending
cries,
under the weather, the unbeknownst measure
measured response calculated properly
dissolve me promptly
absolving blame to the revolving door
underscores in a username
the letter was slid underneath the door
smoking and thinking of who's to blame
no pain no gain
nova-cane and candy cane mint breath
fluorescent lights burn right through my corneas
stake your claim, I'm warning you,
not to trespass, I can't last much longer
blades of grass cutting my fingers
a peanut butter sandwich is on the counter
I counted on scoundrels
a mouthful of shit after school
do you have to let it linger?
stingy redeemer
the rope snaps on a pulley in a well
that new mistake smell
one more take
leave it on the doorstep
scenes to see, places to be
as the tables turn the plates do too
fighting both tooth and nail, it's crucial
a hole in the roof of my mouth and pale skin,
dilated pupils, dying to meet you
handstand at a sleepover
slow morning recovery
multivitamins on my night stand
might stand in a few hours

eyes fluttering
side effects stuttering my step
step into strep throat, suck a dick and choke
who chose this path of mine
grind me up into a fine powder
time it with a stop watch
show me what I'm not
the show gets crowded, there's canned clam chowder
in a paper bag that's labelled with my name
they had to remember who I was
emptied out my pockets on psychiatric drugs
shimmering creek stepping in mud
banking on being enough
banking on the bend that won't break
become adaptable, no mistaking a double take
I'm trapped and wire tapped, I'm caved in
laugh me off the stage, mangle my confidence, mangle my skin
keys jangle and the sound turns to sirens
the noise turns to silence
poised amongst violence
open my eyelids after my delirium
the last modicum of sanity
adhering to the punchline
altered states fading into me
wading through the sea I return to consciousness
shadow of a shark approaches me.

the obnoxious kid
the stabbing nausea
faced against the wall for how I am
the taste of withdrawal
is what you're wearing appropriate?
notice it
lotus flower origami
bank account over-dawn
The Beyond by Fulci
I'm sulking in a theatre
I fear the theatre of war
looking toward
the much maligned mirror image
stake your claim
define your aim
take a knee, don't feign support
I'm sort of like Linus van Pelt
what have I felt?
I felt fine,
assignments assigned, a column of space and time
the column that makes up a spine
vital alignment

I try to mind my own business
amazed by the sky like an infant
and God as my witness.

a vital ceremony
I'm taxidermic
worms swimming after it rains
I'm anemic
fern fronds unravel like twine
a libel case unfolds in my mind
a cry gets stuck in my muscles
comes into focus out of the rubble
the gas gets primed in the mower
the leaves get blown by the blower
molded by the devil
a rake scrapes concrete
the sound unsettles the child in me
meddling and making matters worse
the power of the purse
let that sink in and maybe wash
make a pretty penny off the watch
everyday marks another notch
in the cell block playing hop scotch
school of hard knocks teaching learned helplessness
every witness acts deaf
seldom amidst those who exist
death was always on my mind, still is
still life paintings soaked in affluence
financial arrangements
the ambulance siren.

bust my knuckles hard on the chrome faucet
lost the plot long ago, cook four pizza hot pockets
microwave spoon and a fork in a socket
walk a day in my shoes or my socks I won't make it
I don't take pride in the days I was naked
been mistaken and been gravely mistaken
watched as the dead were disrespected
my cousin left this earth at nineteen
I hope I dream about her
peace to everyone who aren't what's expected
protect our happy endings.

precious time wasted like a coin in a fountain
tires slip on ice on the face of a mountain
no motion here
no momentum
react to the velocity of the pendulum
left no crumbs on the plate

I've been about an hour awake
I scavenge for faith
the thirst for vengeance is caked like sweat on my brow
throw in the towel
separated ground, become mindful of the mound
the violence astounds
as pitiful as it sounds
catapult into veneration
degradation doesn't waste a breath
breach the skin
calculated risk
predict my steps
assess the damages
find out what's left
porous boundaries
I count on me.

the door within
can't withstand the wind.

knocked the ceramic pot off the glass table
preserving my fable
capability of the sun
it's caters to the dust dancing in front
of my face
caved in skull weathered by decades of malaise
save up my soul
the cavalcade approaches,
I leave Earth for the roaches.